Iron County Register.

By ELI D. AKE.

IRONTON, : : : MISSOURI.

The Hazing of a "Sneak."

BY JUDSON KEMPTON.

FIVE or six sophomores of Acadia College were assembled in John Morgan's room. Counting them, I find there were six—Theod Pendall, Billy Harris, Cole Carey, Jess Presdon, Johnny, and myself.

College had been running about six weeks on the fall term, and we were getting pretty well acquainted with the 30 or 40 new men who had come in. It was regarding these that the sophs were now conversing.

Johnny I thought was the handsomest fellow in the class, with his large build, big head, wide brow, light, curly hair and laughing blue eyes; and he now had the floor. The others were scattered around, three on the bed and two on the table.

"Yes," Johnny was saying, with an expression as near a frown as he ever got on that smooth front of his, "I tell you, fellows, there's a sneak in the building, a dirty sneak! That's the only explanation. How else could the faculty get onto everything that's going? How could the Old Doc know it was Enoch Morse that blew the fife the night we had the racket on the roof? Or that Billy here manipulated the bellows for the fog-horn? And it's been the same way with everything this term; every time we had a little fun that wasn't down on the calendar, the next morning the Old Doc sends over to the building: 'I want to see Thomas William Fowler Harris,' or whoever it may be that got it up 'immediately in my office,' and he never misses the ringleaders."

"That's right, Johnny; that's right," said Jess, our husky football captain, who was a man of action rather than words.

Theod Pendall interrupted.

"I don't agree with you," he said. Theod was never carried away by enthusiasm unless it appealed to his cool reason. "Remember, the Old Doc has been here a good while. These little rackets of ours are a pretty old story to him. He has known us sophomores for a year, and I don't see anything very remarkable in his being able to pick out the boys that cut up the capers."

"The trouble with some fellows is," answered Johnny, "they think the Old Doc is supernatural, think he is omniscient, think he can see in the dark, and knows what's going on behind closed doors. How could he know about that roof racket unless somebody put him on to it?"

"Good gracious, man," said Theod, getting off the table, "didn't people hear that racket clear over to Canning, five miles away? Wouldn't the doctor hear it a block away? Couldn't he put up his window and hear every word that anybody could hear above the din—tin pans, pokers and shovels, tin horns, Enoch's fife and the fog-horn? Don't you suppose he knows Enoch is the only man on the Hill that plays the fife like an old soldier? and couldn't he hear you bawling, 'Toot her up again, Billy,' whenever Harris' arm got tired with turning the fog-horn crank?"

Johnny turned to me.

"What do you think about it, Jud?"

I was lying on the bed, my feet over the foot-board; but on being addressed I got up, took a chair and seated myself with the back between my legs, for I had thought of something, and I wanted to make it impressive.

"I'll tell you, fellows, I think this is a very serious matter. If there's a traitor in the camp running to the doctor with these things, we want to know it and give him his medicine; and, if the Old Doc is a mind-reader from way back, we want to know that and conduct ourselves accordingly. Now, I've got a proposition. I know who you fellows suspect, and so do you; it's this fresh-faced freshie from Restigouche. I move we take out a warrant for his arrest and try him before the Hazing Court!"

Cole Carey gave a yell, and every soph sprang to his feet to second the motion—with the exception of Theod, who took his hat and went out. Johnny and I were appointed a committee of arrangements.

* * * * * *

"The fresh-faced freshie" was a description of Allen Jones sufficient for his identification. His skin was as fair as a girl's, and his cheeks burned with a continual blush. Yet his clear eye was fearless, and he had a bearing so erect and manly that, as I look back on it now, I wonder how he ever came to be suspected of being the college "sneak."

A week from the time of our meeting in Morgan's room everything was ready, and the court was fully organized.

At eleven p. m., by twos and threes, witnesses, jurors, police, lawyers and judges silently made their way through the narrow corridors down the long, dark ell, to room 13.

This apartment was draped to suit the solemn occasion. Sheets were tacked to the walls all around, covering windows and wall tints, so that the prisoner, when led there blindfolded, should not know whose room he was in.

By way of ornament, black skulls and cross-bones, pinned against the white background, grinned hungrily and vacantly at one another from opposite sides of the room.

At the lower end a terrace of tables was covered with Turkey red cotton, decorated with mystic symbols cut from white cloth, and at the arrival of the judge he was arrayed in a master's gown and scarlet hood and seated in an easy chair on top of this gorgeous throne.

In front were two draped tables for the lawyers, who wore college caps and gowns. Ranged in chairs at the other end of the room were the jurors, arrayed in white—night shirts—with black college gowns on top.

The six police, with Jess for captain and Carey for first lieutenant, were dressed in football uniform, canvas knee breeches and the blue and white striped sweaters in which Acadia at that time took the field.

All the company wore white canvas masks furnished by the committee. Holes were cut for eyes; eyebrows and in some cases mustaches were heavily marked in black, while on each face—on brow, cheek, chin or across the nose—red ink had been freely used to portray a gaping and bloody gash, fearful to behold.

At first, as the court stood up and faced each other, there went around a suppressed titter, which accorded ill with the grewsome visages of the strange company. A begowned sheriff stepped forward and struck the table with a huge wooden battle-ax, besmeared, apparently, with gore, and in a hollow voice demanded, "Order in the court!"

The tittering subsided, and the sheriff handed the police captain a roll of paper written in red, and in the same hollow voice gave his instructions.

"Most worthy captain, as sheriff of the Hazing Court, I deputize you and your subordinates to arrest and bring hither, dead or alive, the person mentioned in this document, that he may be tried by this court on the charges herein specified."

Each one of the police brought his heels together, stood erect, with a sweep brought the back of his hand to his forehead, and all retired on the run.

During the half-hour that followed the court amused themselves by guessing each other's names, for none but the committee knew them. Finally, the ell corridor resounded with the tramp of the returning squad. Before the door they paused and gave three raps. The sheriff stepped to the door and inquired who were without.

"Most worthy sheriff, your captain has performed his behest."

"Give the password."

"Blood!" was the reply.

"Admit them," said the judge, giving three raps, on which the members of the court arose, their eyes twinkling behind their ghastly masks.

"Sheriff," thundered the judge, "why is this poor wretch brought before the honorable court?"

"Your honor," replied the sheriff, pointing at the prisoner with his battle-ax, "this fellow is charged with the most henious crime on the calendar of offenses possible to a college man."

"Who prefers charges against this man? Let him now speak, or else forever after hold his peace," said the judge solmenly.

Here the lawyer on the right arose.

"Your honor."

"Most learned barrister."

"I am here to represent that distinguished and illustrious galaxy of immortals known to the ignoble vulgus as the sophomore class of Acadia."

This was followed by mumbled applause.

"Silence!" cried the sheriff.

"And in their name," continued the attorney, "I charge the prisoner at the bar with being——

A groan ran around behind the masks.

"With being—your honor, so low and mean a word my tongue can hardly frame."

Again a groan ran around.

"Your honor, I charge the prisoner with being a telltale and a sneak."

From the masked company this charge was followed by a loud wail, ending in a wolfish howl articulated in the word, "Blo-o-o-od!" repeated thrice.

This seemed to have the desired effect. The look of amusement passed from the prisoner's face to be replaced by one of deep gravity, if not anxiety.

For an hour and a half the trial lasted.

Witnesses were brought forward to swear that they had seen the prisoner going to the president's house after nine o'clock at night; others, that they had seen him return after ten the same night, and this so often that it could be construed only as a regular appointment. Other evidence was brought in to convict him of listening at the door of sophomores.

When the prisoner was put on the stand, he easily explained these latter charges; but his visits to the president's house he refused to explain. The case went to the jury, who immediately brought in the verdict, "Guilty."

If the prisoner had looked frightened at this word, no sympathy would have been given him. He showed no fear, but on his face there came a dejected, heart-broken look, with a sudden filling of the eyes and a quivering of the lip, which threatened to take all relish of fun from the further proceedings. So the judge cried, "Has the prisoner at the bar anything to say?"

The freshman looked around on those horrible masks, or rather on the eyes that peered from behind them, and in a second regained his composure.

"Fellows," he began, "I'm not afraid of you. If it was any other charge, I would rather enjoy this trial—for it is well got up—even if you should give me your full punishment. But what hurts me is that you should think me capable of the things you charge me with—a sneak!"

The lump arose in his throat, and he could say no more.

"If you are innocent," said the judge, "why don't you explain your visits to the president?"

"Because," answered the freshman, with a sudden show of anger, "that's none of your business! That's my own private affair. It's nothing that I am ashamed of, and it has nothing to do with your charges; but it belongs to me, and all the bullies in the sophomore class can't get it out of me. Haze me, if that's what you are after! Pronounce your sentence. I can stand it."

The proper tone being thus restored to the court, Mercy, which, for a moment had hovered over the prisoner's cask, gave place to Justice. The judge arranged his hood.

"The prisoner having been found guilty by this court, it becomes my duty to sentence him. I therefore condemn you, Allen Jones, to the pump—three strokes for each pant-leg, which the sheriff will see are properly administered, according to the ancient usage of the hazing court, and may Pluto, Cerebus and the Powers of Darkness have mercy on you! Sheriff, do your duty!"

The sheriff signalled with his battleax to the captain of police; he motioned to his two henchmen; these bandaged the eyes of the prisoner and marched him out. Lights were extinguished hastily, and with a wild scramble the court adjourned.

The pump was in the yard, but a short distance from the dormitory. In a few minutes the boys, now utterly disorganized, gownless and unmasked, were circling around the pump and their victim. He was laid on his back, and first one foot, then the other, was drawn up to the spout, while the three strokes should send the water down his leg.

Four strokes had thus been given when some one whispered, "Who's that?"

The silhouette of a silk hat could be dimly discerned coming over the rise of ground toward the college.

"The Old Doc!"

And silently, but instantaneously, the sophs melted away into the darkness. The prisoner had been relieved of his handcuffs and he arose and met the president.

"Good evening, sir," he said.

"Ah, Jones, I was just coming for you. I suppose you were expecting me, though you need not have sat up for me."

This was all that was heard by the lingering sophs, and the two moved off together.

An anxious group it was that met in Morgan's room to discuss the probabilities.

"Confound the sneak," said Morgan, "we made too long work of it. We should have put him through quicker, before he had time to find us out. Of course he'll blow, and that will mean expulsion for some of us."

It was a cold night. Indian summer, which had been lingering, had given place to the first touch of winter, and the next morning the ground was frozen stiff. To our surprise, the day passed, and no summons came from the president's office. Jones, however, was not at class, and was not in his room. He did not appear the next day nor the next. Had he left college? I grew anxious.

The fourth day a messenger came to my room, saying that the doctor wanted to see me in his private office at once.

"Good-by," said Johnny. "I knew it would come."

"Well," said I, "I'm glad it has. I couldn't have stood this suspense much longer."

Nevertheless, as I entered the president's room I tingled from head to foot. The doctor did not rise, but pushed his glasses down so that he looked through the long-range half, and, calling me by my surname, with that enunciation of his which sounded every vowel and made every syllable into a separate word, he said: "I wish to be informed what was done last Monday night to Mr. Allen Jones, of the freshman class, and I wish you to inform me."

"Why do you send for me, doctor?" said I, for I had been worked up to such a pitch by my thoughts for the last three days that I really cared less about my own fate than I did about finding out whether our suspicions of Jones were correct.

"Oh," he replied, "I have an idea that you are pretty well informed as to what transpires in Chipman Hall from time to time. Am I not correct?"

"Doctor," I cried, "I will tell you all I know—of course without implicating any one else—if you will answer me one question."

"Well?"

"Hasn't Allen Jones already told you all about Monday night?"

"No," said the president, "not a word. He refuses to do so. Monday night my wife, who, as you are aware, is a confirmed invalid, required unusual medical care. Our physician desired a consultation, and wished me to send to Kentville for Dr. Shaw. Young Jones' mother, who is a widow in very moderate circumstances is our nurse, and has been since the term opened. Indeed, in this way, I believe she pays her son's school bills——"

I gave a groan, which the doctor took as a sign that I was much interested and he proceeded.

"So I had arranged with Jones that if the consultation was decided on, he should drive to Kentville for Dr. Shaw. I found him near the entrance to Chipman Hall, awaiting me, as I supposed. He went immediately to the stable, took my horse, and drove to Kentville, seven miles and back. On coming into the house we perceived that he had a violent chill. His clothes were wet and frozen. The physician put him to bed in my house and he is there still, though I am glad to say he is recovering. But he had only his young blood to thank that he escaped a severe attack of pneumonia."

I was horror-struck.

"Doctor," said I, "I am to blame for this, and I am only thankful it isn't murder. I want you to expel me from college."

Then I told my part of the whole proceeding, repeating my desire to be expelled.

"Well," said the president deliberately, "the faculty will discuss the matter. Whether you are expelled or not, I hope the sophomores have learned a lesson that will last them till they graduate."

They did. The hazing court had held its last tribunal. When Allen Jones reappeared, individual sophomores, without many words, made due apologies. And when the next week Jones received an invitation to be the guest of honor at a sophomore oyster stew in room 13, he generously accepted it. At nine o'clock however, he was excused, as generally at that time his mother's patient was settled for the night, and he always went then to visit with his mother for an hour; but, as he walked down the ell corridor and over the college grounds, he must have heard the echoes of the sophomore's song:

"For he's a jolly good fel-lo-o-ow,
Which nobody can deny!"

—Christian Endeavor World.

SHALL THE HOME MAKER BE PAID?

By ZONA VALLANCE,
English Lecturer on Ethical Topics now in this Country.

No service rendered to society is greater than that of the mother who rears good healthy children. The services of the housewife are also of use to the community, providing, as they do, for the health and comfort of the wage-earner.

To the one who renders them these services have no financial value. The toil of any workingman's wife is reasonably worth five dollars per week, besides her board and lodging; but she does not get it. The amount of money handed over to her depends, not on her ability or industry, but on the money-making capacity and the disposition of her husband.

We may say that she finds her reward in the happiness and affection of her family; but no other worker does his daily tasks for such remuneration. In other departments of labor the incentive to rise rests on the fact that there is money in rising. Only in home-making and the rearing of children is this requital lacking.

In London women sanitary inspectors visit the tenement districts, keeping an eye on the landlords and inciting the mothers to better housekeeping. They teach the bad effects of filth and disorder and the proper feeding and care of children. Why should not the state go a step further and to the housewife who attains a required standard make a certain annual payment? Though necessarily small, this income would add to the wife's dignity.

A great deal of sentiment is woven around the home, but practically man, especially when uneducated, despises woman's work because it commands no money. It isn't a bit more important to drive a cart than to wash dishes, but cart driving compels respect because it receives a wage.

Under the system suggested, the state would say: "Your work as home-maker, well done, is of more importance to society than any service you can render as a wage-earner. Provided you reach a required standard, the public will make up to you the loss of your wages.

If society does not thus acknowledge the home-maker's services there is no way in which she can gain recognition. The wage-earner can change employers, hunt a better market, change its trade. From such opportunities the home-maker is cut off. If she, too, becomes a wage-earner, her long hours of daily toil are destructive of home-making.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

In addition to his other honors King Edward is the titular and hereditary preacher at St. David's cathedral in Wales. He is allowed a salary of five dollars a year and a pew in the cathedral is reserved for his use.

St. Andrew's church, at Redfield, Berkshire, is the only church in England where the bells are rung by women instead of men. The vicar being unable to obtain men, appealed to the women of his congregation, and six young women have rung the bells regularly, although it is heavy and trying work.

The most notable feature of the report of United States Commissioner of Education Harris is the great increase in the number of college students. There are, he says, 75,472 men in colleges and universities, as against 44,926 ten years ago, and 27,879 women students, as against 10,761. The only decrease noted is in the schools of theology.

Prof. Charles R. Van Hise, who has just been chosen to the presidency of the University of Wisconsin, is the first alumnus of the institution to become its president. He was graduated in the class of 1879 and since 1892 has been head professor of geology. His reputation as a geologist was gained on the United States geological survey, of which he has been geologist since 1888.

Near the little town of Pierre, S. D., there has been established what is known in that section as a "Christian Endeavor Rest" for cowboys. This rest or home is sustained by the Congregational Christian Endeavorers of Pierre, consisting of but 12 members. It is a neat two-story cottage, in which the Endeavorers maintain a reading-room, dining-room, bathrooms and laundry.

Principal Butler, of a school at Missoula, Mont., nearly got into trouble because he took his fishing tackle to school and wound and unwound the reel during recitations. The pupils of the school complained to their parents about the matter, and there was an investigation. Mr. Butler said that he was an ardent angler and fished in a creek near the schoolhouse before and after school hours. He liked to hear a reel click, just as any other angler does, so played with it in school, but could not see how it hurt the children.

WHERE MONEY IS USELESS.

Island in the Atlantic Where There Are No Rents or Taxes to Pay.

Now and then we hear of some out-of-the-way place where one of the conventions of life does not exist. There is the town, described not long ago in Youth's Companion, where the women rule the men. Bits of topsy-turvy land are scattered over the earth. One of these bits is the Ascension Islands, out in the Atlantic. As Stray Stories describes it, it must be a fine place in which to live, although only 400 people do live there; for in Ascension money, the thing we try so hard to get, is quite useless.

The island is the property of the British admiralty, and is governed by a captain. There is no private property in land, so there are no rents, rates or taxes. The flocks and herds are public property, and the meat is issued in rations. So are the vegetables grown on the farms.

Here is real socialism. When a fisherman makes a catch he brings it to the guard room, where it is issued by the sergeant-major. The only private property is fowls and pigeons.

Even the wild donkeys are under government control. They are on the books of the paymaster and handed over at stock taking.

The population consists of a few bluejackets, a company of marines and some Kroomen from Sierra Leone. A marine can do everything. The muleteer is a marine; so are the gardeners, the shepherds, the stockmen, the grooms, the masons, the carpenters and the plumbers. Even the island trapper who gets rewards for the tails of rats is a marine

HUMOROUS.

Wantanno.—"Why do you call that boy of yours 'Flannel?'" Duzno—"Because he just naturally shrinks from washing."—Baltimore American.

A literary wrestling match was the feature of Saturday last. Bill Jinks threw Nat Gilkins five times, and was forthwith declared the greatest poet in Billville.—Atlanta Constitution.

Limitations of Hypnotism. — New Boarder—"What's the row upstairs?" Landlady—"It's that professor of hypnotism, trying to get his wife's permission to go out this evening."—N. Y. Weekly.

Something Doing.—"Are you still braking?" asked the first railroad man. "Nope," replied railroad man No. 2. "I've quit braking and gone to baggage smashin'."—Chicago Daily News.

"Sir, you look like an optimist. You have a happy countenance. Lend me a dollar." "My friend, do you know why I look happy? It's because I haven't any wealth to bother me."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

She—"You advertise 12 eggs for 25 cents." He—"So we do, ma'am." "I bought 25 cents' worth of you yesterday, and I only got ten eggs, and they were all bad." "Yes'm; I supposed ten would be all you would want of those eggs, ma'am."—Yonkers Statesman.

The Perils of Youth.—"I think you are awfully hard-hearted," she said. "You don't seem to care a bit even if the baby is sick." "You wrong me," said her husband. "But I regard the cause for apprehension as comparatively slight. You cannot convince me that an attack of measles is as dangerous as skating on thin ice or celebrating the Fourth of July."—Washington Star.

ABOUT CLOISONNE WARE.

Precious Japanese Vases That Are Worth Almost Their Weight in Gold.

In Kyoto, Japan, is the home and factory—or rather workshops, for he employs only hand labor—of Namikawa, the maker of the finest cloisonne ware in the world. Each one of his precious vases is worth more than its weight in gold. They are so tiny, some of them, that one wonders how human hands could have fashioned the exquisite work upon them. The largest one in his collection will be no more than 15 inches high, but it is worth $1,000, while the smallest will bring $25.

Large factories in Japan are almost unknown, the great masterpieces of this delicate ware being made in some humble little home, where one individual toils on ceaselessly and lovingly, week after week, month after month, and often for years, on a single piece; first making the copper vase, conceiving and tracing the design, then wiring it carefully like fine etching from the copper background with silver or gold wire; filling in the tiny interstices, often no larger than a pin prick, with enamel in the colors of nature; firing, enameling again, and still again, for many long weeks; then polishing for days at a time, till the beautiful and beloved thing stands complete, a master's work of art.

After the last firing the vase is rough and uneven and must be ground with pumice stone and water for perhaps a month to reduce the surface to the desired lens-like polish.

In Namikawa's shop each artist is permitted to come and go as he will and work when he pleases, for the master is keenly alive to the fact that a man can do more and better work if allowed to labor only when the inspiration and creating mood is upon him. He heeds a famous Japanese proverb which runs: "What one loves best one can do best."

Between Friends.

Miss Elderleigh—Mr. Gayboy asked me a funny question last night.

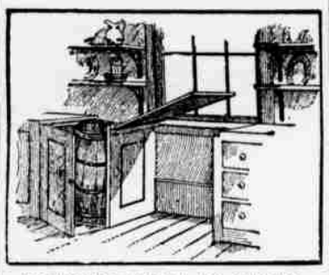
Miss Youngun—What was it?

"He asked me why I had never married."

"Oh, then he evidently never saw you in the daytime."—Chicago Daily News.

The proper location for a pantry is near the kitchen range, and near also to the dining-room; but, beyond the mere matter of location, the interior arrangement is an important factor in lessening or increasing the labor of housework.

The point to be especially aimed at is such an arrangement of the pantry fittings as shall bring every article needed in cooking within easy reach of the



KNEADING BOARD ON HINGES.

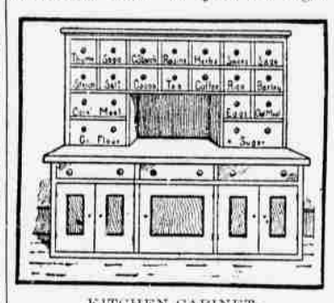
housewife's hand, with as little moving as possible. It is the constant hurrying from one point to another to get this article here and that there that makes housework hard. It is well therefore to have the pantry as nearly square as possible.

A square pantry gives the shortest distance from any point to that point where the kneading board is located. In one of the four sides will be located the doorway. The best arrangement for the other three sides, to my mind, is suggested in the accompanying illustrations.

The kneading board should be located in front of the window. A most convenient device for securing the full advantage of this location is shown in Fig. 1.

On the right of the window is a set of drawers, the uses of which will be obvious to any housekeeper. To the left of the window is a cabinet into which two barrels of flour can be rolled for bread and for pastry. The top of the cabinet is movable to give access to the flour.

The cover of the barrel next the window is made of just the right



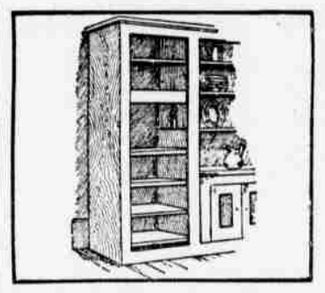
KITCHEN CABINET.

length so that it will span the space in front of the window, and upside down it serves as a kneading board. When replaced in position over the barrel, the kneading surface will be underneath, which will keep it wholly from the dust. If shelves over the position of the barrels are desired, the kneading board cannot be hinged, but must be lifted and placed in position.

At right angles to this arrangement for flour barrels, kneading board and drawers, may well be placed a cabinet for holding all kinds of groceries needed in cooking. Ordinarily such groceries are kept in bags, or in paper, tin and wooden boxes, upon open shelves, one behind another, entailing much trouble and occasional spilling when getting one receptacle out from behind another. With such a cabinet as that shown in Fig. 2, everything is by itself and instantly available, without the disturbance of any other article. The large closets in the lower part of this cabinet accommodate iron and large tin utensils, and jugs containing molasses, vinegar, etc.

On the side of the pantry opposite the window is the dumb-waiter, and also open shelves for dishes (Fig. 3). If the pantry is in a city home, where ice is a necessity, the space occupied by the dumb-waiter may be used for the refrigerator; but in the country home, where ice is not used, a dumb-waiter is of the greatest importance. Articles that must be kept cool in warm weather can be placed upon its shelves, run down into the cellar with the motion of a hand, or drawn up as easily from that cool place, without the repeated and fatiguing ascending and descending of cellar stairs, which is one of the most distressing factors in many housekeepers' daily lives during the hot days of summer.

The building of such a dumb-waiter as that figured is not a difficult matter



DUMB-WAITER AND SHELVES.

at all. A rectangular closet is constructed, the door being cut out beneath it. On either side, within, a strip of pine board is fastened. These strips extend down through the floor to the bottom of the cellar. A little space is left behind each strip for the pulley cord to run, and on the inner surface of each strip there is a groove running from top to bottom for the projections on the side of the dumb-waiter to slide up and down in.

At the top of each strip are inserted stout window pulleys, over which the cord passes and is attached to the sides of the dumb-waiter. This is simply a set of shelves with side pieces firmly attached. Four shelves in the dumb-waiter will be sufficient, and above them may be two stationary shelves at the top of the closet. Glass doors may be provided for these fixed shelves and two narrow wooden doors for the lower part. All the woodwork should be thoroughly oiled, to prevent swelling.

When one is building or remodeling a house, the pantry should, if possible, be placed upon the northern side of the house. If it is necessary to locate it upon the northeast or the northwest corner, let the window be upon the northern side, so that the room may be kept as cool as possible in summer.—Country Gentleman.

CHARTS HER FIGURE.

Statistics Play an Important Part in the Beauty Hunt of the Modern Society Woman.

An anthropometric chart is a necessary possession for the young woman who is striving for classic proportions in her figure. The woman who does not number such a chart among her possessions is quite behind the times, says the Chicago Inter Ocean.

The height, the breadth, the depth, the girth of the anatomy, each must come in for a share of attention. Calipers, a breadth stick, a height stick, and a steel tape measure are needed.

In making inventories of one's inches, it is necessary to take each measurement with the body in the same position and in the same way.

The following are founded on the classic ideal: Height, 5 feet 5 inches; weight, 138 pounds; waist, 27 inches; bust, 34 inches; arm, at the shoulder, 13 inches; wrist, 6 inches; ankle, 8 inches; calf of leg, 14½ inches; thigh, 25 inches.

The arms extended should measure the height from the tips of the third fingers. The hand in length should measure one-tenth of the height.

The length from the elbow to the middle finger should be the same as from the elbow to the middle of the chest.

From the top of the head to the chin should be the length of the foot.

The height of the head should be just four times the length of the nose.

From temple to temple the measurements should equal the length of the face.

The stretch of the thumb and second finger should just measure the face.

The stretch of thumbs and first fingers should exactly circle the throat.

Measured by heads, the eight parts which make the height of the classic figure divide up in this fashion: Height, one head from crown of head to bottom of chin to breastbone; one-half head from top to bottom of breastbone to the middle of abdomen; one head from the middle of abdomen to beginning of lower limbs; one head from beginning of lower limbs to middle of thighs; one-half head from middle of thigh to top of knee; one-half head from top of knee to bottom of knee; one and one-half heads from bottom of knee to small of ankle; one-half head from small of ankle to soles of feet.

DIDN'T LIKE THE EAST ROOM.

Woman Visitor at the White House Was Not Favorably Impressed with Furnishings.

"Is it solid gold?"

The eager questioner was a country woman, a member of a large party which a railroad agent was piloting through the East room at the white house. She pointed to the piano with the gold-leaf coating as she asked the question.

The guide attempted to evade the woman's question by referring to the seals of the 13 original states which adorn the sides of the instrument, and explained that it is the one hundred thousandth piano manufactured by a prominent American firm, says the Washington Times.

"Is it solid gold?" the woman interposed.

Still the guide did not answer. "You will notice that there are 13 settees in this room, one for each of the original states," he continued.

"But I want to know whether the piano is solid gold," the woman insisted.

"No, madam, it is not solid gold," the guide remarked, with a slight display of temper.

"Huh!" the woman retorted. "I've seen calliopes that looked better and I'd hoped that it had value to recommend it. When there's only one real piece of furniture in a room of this size a person sort of expects that it'll be worth while coming to see. I can't find anything fine about this room but the view you get from the south windows."

Dog Fooled His Mistress.

This dog learned a thing or two very quickly. A family in Tiffin, O., had moved from the old home, but rented the house, furnished throughout, the new tenant being an elderly lady. For some reason, the family dog was "let" with the furniture. Now the new occupant of the house liked to sit in a particularly comfortable chair in the parlor, but as the dog was also as fond of the chair, she frequently found him in possession. Being rather afraid of the dog, she did not dare to drive him out, and therefore used to go to the window and call: "Cats." The dog would then rush to the window and the lady would calmly take possession of the chair. One day the dog entered the room and found the lady in possession. He trotted to the window and barked excitedly. The lady got up to see what was the matter, and the dog instantly seated himself in the chair.